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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

The reckless bicyclist is becoming chief among the terrors of the street crossings.

From present indications there will soon be no seals for nations to quarrel about.

Self-destruction is a very poor way of proving innocence when accused of a crime.

"The king is dead; long live the king!" But who is now king of bondsmasters?

Baltimore has had a shower of peas, but so far nothing has been heard to indicate that it is in the soup.

DAVE MARTIN is expected back in this city Tuesday, and hardware men are replenishing their stock of brand-aws.

A peeping Tom in Flatlands unwillingly partook of the lead cure for his nocturnal habit. An indignant rather entitled the contents of a shotgun into a carcass.

Of all silly things brought about by the late cholera perils the wholesale panic which the news despatches describe as existing in Cleveland, O., is the silliest.

An Arkansas bank President has disappeared with \$120,000 of the bank's funds. In Washington six men robbed a bank and secured only \$20,000. The moral of this is obvious.

Lightning does strike twice in the same place. A man in Schenectady was paralyzed last Summer by a stroke from the clouds, and yesterday while sitting in the same window another flash killed him.

Weather Prophet De Vor says the most severe storm of the season will be here this week. While not tending a weather prophet, we see indications of a severe frost in the Republican party on Nov. 6th.

Again the "Eag Gang" has tackled the police, and again its members have come out of the battle a great deal the worse for wear and tear. Perhaps they will finally decide that the blue coats are well enough to let alone.

Perhaps there is a place for skylarking. It is not on the platform of a moving street-car. Young GEORGE FAIRLY tried that and lost his own life when the wheels, besides getting the driver of the car arrested on a flimsy charge of homicide.

There is no business interest in the city that will derive a greater direct profit from the Columbian Celebration than that of hotel-keeping, and we trust that the Celebration Committee will not have cause to complain of a lack of interest and of subscriptions on the part of the public-spirited hotel-keepers.

At the Unity Church in Chicago yesterday while the pastor was making an eloquent appeal to his congregation to establish a Bethel for the sailors and

giving his reasons why the sailors were "disrespectable," he was interrupted by a sailor in a remote corner of the church, who called him a liar, and who said that what the sailors wanted was not so much Bethesda as better wages. The language of the sailor was impetuous, but there was a gleam of pertinent truth in his statement of the case.

WHERE IS ANOTHER GILMORE?

In the death of PATRICK SARGFIELD, Gilmore the general public has had inflicted upon it a loss of which it is hard to take the full measure. This, because of the unique and singularly distinguished position held by the man who has passed away. It is not enough to say that he was the most popular bandmaster the country has known. Gilmore created and held for himself a position in the public heart to which, at this time, it seems impossible that any other leader, even should he be as great in a musical sense as the one now lost, can ever succeed.

Gilmore was often criticized for some of the very things which made him great and famous and warmly popular. He was charged with using his talents to cater to cheap musical tastes rather than towards elevating the musical ideas of the people. The charge was never true. It was unworthy of many of those who made it. The truth was that the great bandmaster understood and acted upon the principle that music, like life and language, is for all spheres and comprehends all shades of thought and of emotion. His programmes were so arranged that no hearer of the music could go away and say there had been nothing for him. And every selection as it came from the superb band was followed with its full share of attention to every detail. A master mind and a master's baton directed as well the merest melodiou trifles as the severest classical composition.

The public loved GILMORE. And now GILMORE is gone. Where is one to take up the baton where he has left it?

HOUSE SURGEON DONOVAN'S CASE.

The story published exclusively in THE EVENING WORLD of Saturday of the extortion practised by Surgeon DONOVAN, of the Gouverneur Hospital, on the relatives of the unfortunate Mrs. FREEDMAN, one of the victims of the Ludlow street panic, is only made worse by the attempted evasions and insufficient explanations of the extortioner.

Another chapter in the disgraceful story is given in our columns to-day. It comprises the evidence of Saturday's proceedings, and for any other public position, it is the duty of the Department of Charities to give the accused a fair hearing, but it is also the duty of the Department to recognize the rights of the poor victims who have been exposed to his persecution and to protect the public by dealing out summary justice.

There should be no whitewashing in this case. Extortion is never so little to be endured as when it is practised by a public servant upon the unfortunate who are placed under his care and protection by public authority.

THE NAGASAKI HACKIES' DAY OF DOOM.

The man who is not afraid of a Niagara Falls hackman has been found. He is a New Yorker and his name is WILLIAM HARRISON. He accepted a cabby's offer to show him everything worth seeing around the Falls for 50 cents, and when he had done the place thoroughly he refused point blank to pay the \$3.50 which the hack-driver demanded. Mr. HARRISON shook the wrinkles out of his coat, wiped the dust off his shoulders and tendered the 50 cents. That is all he would pay—the exact price that he had agreed upon. The hackman called a policeman, but Mr. HARRISON came out of the dispute triumphant and later caused the hackman's arrest for attempted extortion.

Thus another of the invincibles goes down into the dust. The last holy terror on earth that anybody would expect to see subdued is prone in the subject of humiliation of defeat. The Niagara hackie has been a highwayman of the most desperate type for time out of mind. He drove customers around the scenic wonderland of which he was the czar and sent them away with empty purses. If they hadn't enough money he took their jewelry or their clothing. Sometimes he made them give mortgages on their homesteads. The Carbonari of Italy were not a marker to him.

The whole world was waiting patiently for a courageous man with blood of iron and nerves of steel to come along and "do" the Niagara hackman. He had to possess the confidence of a Corbett and the integrity of Mrs. LEASE, of Kansas; he had to be brave and bulldozing; he had to meet the hackie's gall half way and throttle his cupidity before it got a chance to swing its terrible right. It took a long while before the hero came, but he is here at last. He went, victoriously, in good style, and from this time forward the sight-seeing tourist may walk on the curvilinear columns of the Niagara hackman with impunity. The tyrant of the Falls has been crushed forever.

"Dr. Hamilton lies," says Dr. JENKINS. "Which I rise to remark, and my language is plain," he might have added. The unaccountableness between these two medical gentlemen is not a pretty thing for the public to contemplate. But perhaps it is just as well to let it come out explosively and to be content over with. And, any way, the contention brings about a diversion from the now somewhat monotonous and otherwise unspiced bulletins from the Quarantine region.

From Atlanta, Ga., comes a story that Candidate FIELD called the Rev. Dr. GENTRY a liar. From Chicago comes a story that a sailor called the Rev. Mr. MILLER, pastor of the Unity Church, a liar, and in New York Dr. JENKINS calls Dr. HAMILTON a liar. Is there any scientific explanation of this simultaneous indulgence in identical invective, or is it purely accidental?

It was time for another European war-cloud. And somebody has found it. Russia and England, it is declared, are on the verge of losing their long-trying

tience with each other. England, the report says, means to absorb Afghanistan. Then Russia will be cut off from her route to the Indian Ocean and there will be a fight. Was ever war-cloud plainer than this one?

Undaunted by the shower of eggs which drove Gen. WEAVER from the campaign in Georgia, his running mate, Gen. FIELO, started in briskly on Saturday by calling a Southern gentleman a "liar." The interference of friends spoiled a promising encounter, and at last accounts the objector and the objurgate were both alive.

THE CLEANER.

A firm in this city had 100,000 dozen Cleveland and Harrison campaign badges left over from 1888. The reminiscence of the opportunity of four years ago made it possible for the public heart to which, at this time, it seems impossible that any other leader, even should he be as great in a musical sense as the one now lost, can ever succeed.

Congressman William Dunn English is an earnest and forcible speaker. I heard him talk on the tariff and Force bill Saturday night and his arguments were most convincing.

Editor Rutter lost his voice cheering in the parade of Franklin D. Roosevelt the other evening, but his donkey's melodious bray is still unimpaired.

Wheelmen have been greatly annoyed on the Paterson plank road by a couple of savage dogs which make frantic efforts to sample the cyclists. Two Brooklynites have announced their intention of riding past the dogs with revolvers within easy reaching distance, and the census of Jersey canines may be reduced by two.

"Silver on a gold basis" is an inscription suggested by the popular east side lawyer, Alex S. Rosenthal, for a gold and silver statue of Adlai Stevenson to be set by the State of Montana to the Chicago World's Fair. The point of the inscription lies in the circumstance that Montana is a silver state and that the silver statue is to stand on a pedestal of solid gold.

THE SICK BABIES' FUND.

It Now Has \$10,202.30 Placed to Its Credit.

Two contributions just received for the Sick Babies' Fund have increased its total to \$10,202.30. One of the contributors sent \$25 and the following letter:

I am ten years of age, and desiring to contribute to the Sick Babies' Fund I got up a juvenile amateur piano performance. Inclosed you will find \$25 which resulted therefrom. I feel very happy at the thought that my efforts will benefit some poor patients.

VERA BELITA DE CONDOVA,
223 West Forty-fourth street.

Addie Derwin, Sadie Johnson, Katie Derwin and Lauretta Plant sent the total to \$10,202.30.

WORLDLINGS.

Mrs. Adam, the famous Paris hair-stocking and milliner, is still, at this age, a very handsome woman. She is the reincarnation of beauty and energy. From 9 in the morning until 9 in the evening she works at her profession, and from the latter hour until 2 in the morning she gives her time to social duties.

In Burma women choose their husbands and divorce them at their own pleasure. They retain their own property and are given rights not accorded to their sisters elsewhere.

According to French divorce statistics, the most numerous period of matrimony is that extending from the fifth to the tenth year.

Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins, the New England author, is said to be "a little retired and small of physique." She has delicate features and blonde hair.

VAGRANT VERSES.

That Accounts for It.

That old woman
Who lives in a shoe
In Chicago, too.

CONTRAST.

A wild, late supper with the boys!
My wife said, "I'll leave you to cry."
And I went to bed.

The Same Old Way.

Said Eve, "What a chameleon of life you are!
I'm a woman who's ever a liar."
Nail Adam, "What a liar you are, by far."
Then any day when we married.

In Chicago.

Skipsey—See that woman talking to Major Brainerd? She and I are engaged.

Hitpley—Engaged, you idiot? Why, that's your wife!

Skipsey—I know it—but we are engaged to be divorced.

The Regular Programme.

Little Mabel—What a lovely day!
Little Mabel—What a lovely day!
Little Mabel—What a lovely day!

His Modern Weapons.

"You have made this Cupid with a revolver," said the editor to his artist. "Isn't it a testimony to arm the god of lovers with a bow and arrow?"

"Yes, sir," replied the artist, "but art must keep up with the times."

Sensitive and Reckless.

"How did Cholera happen to get such a bad cold?"

"I don't know, unless it was his changing his undersuits too soon. He's very reckless when the Fall comes."

What's in a Name?

"Why did you tell the Judge your name was Munder?"

"So that he wouldn't commit me."

"Humph! Why didn't you tell him your name was Gun?"

"What good would that have done?"

"He might have shot you."

The One to Watch.

Hotel Proprietor—You had better watch that Boston fellow. He didn't bring much baggage with him, and he is likely to skip.

Client—He isn't the one to watch. I have my eye on the girl he gave the diamond ring to.

Fond of Home.

"I suppose you are glad to be home from the country, Mrs. Bronson?"

"Delighted. There is only one thing that I like better than being at home, and that is where we shall spend the Autumn and Winter. We go abroad in the Spring."

Buy Your Furniture at Fillet's.

The saving on furniture by buying of Fillet's is a fact. It is a fact, including many things to go to housekeeping.

SPEAKER HUSTED'S FUNERAL.

He Will Be Buried from His Home in Peekskill.

Scores of Messages of Condolence Arriving for the Family.

QUARANTINE AND CONSCIENCE.

Appraiser Cooper Tells Nell Nelson About His Department's Work.

That Quarantine detention of French steamers was something awful—for dressmakers and dressmakers.

Frightened the life out of the women who came from Paris with trunks of bonnets and frocks. Even old modistes, who had been smuggling furs at their professional lives, lost their wits, while the summer travellers who had "only done a little shopping" succumbed to conscience and delayed everything.

The inspectors never had so little to do, at this season of the year.

One of the chief inspectors attributed what he called "this spasm of honesty" to "reckless diligence."

"The women were so glad to get out of quarantine," this critic informs us, "that they would do anything to get out, and when they saw a dressmaker coming from the custom-house, they would run up to her and say, 'I have a dress for you, and I will give you a good price for it.'"

"Thirty-five dressmakers who neglected to declare their importations when the customs officers went on board a French steamer, surrendered their trunks at the dock, and they were sent to the large store to be appraised."

"Thirty-five," exclaimed Appraiser Cooper in the United States Public stores. "You surprise me. Now, if you had said 350 or 3,500 I shouldn't think anything about them. Thirty-five" quailed the gentle Appraiser, in just such a quiet, dreamy way as a poet might turn over a rhyme he wanted a mate for.

"They must be coming from the custom-house in business. Old-established people don't do that sort of thing any more. They know better. When the deputies go on board to get the declaration of the passengers the wisest modistes declare their goods. It saves time, the expense of remaining in the city if they are caught here, and the business losses incurred by having model hats and pattern gowns detained here. Further than that, we know the ladies who are in business; they are aware of that fact and don't give us any trouble or take any chances."

"Nobody knows better than the fashion-plate dressmaker the wisdom of making her while the sun shines. When she gets to the custom-house, she can't get her trunks through quick enough. Paris styles are pretty, but they don't last. The woman who buys them has to be lively in wearing and selling them, or she won't get her money's worth out of them. Those thirty-five dressmakers, I think, were coming from the custom-house, and they were carrying their goods with them."

When asked how many dresses came through the Appraiser's office last week, Mr. Cooper replied:

"Oh, about one thousand a day!"

"Pretty ones?"

"Beautiful, every one of them, with long trains flowing from a few gathings at the back and all lined with silk, so that they could be worn either side out. Many of them had ornamental buckles on the waist that were thought to be old mine at one time until the experts looked at them and said they were only Rhine stones."

"Do you all ways tell the value of those Paris dresses?"

"Every time. It is impossible to deceive us. There are ten divisions with forty appraisers in each who handle the same class of goods all the time. What one man doesn't know about a Paris dress his associate can tell him. We know every popular modiste in London, Paris and Vienna, and we are charged for making a garment. If a dress in a composite affair it will pass through several divisions and come out with a valuation on the goods, the lace, the fur or whatever it happens to be trimmed with, and the cost of making. We not only keep abreast of the fashions but also of the cost. We get the designs, and by the time the buyer gets her orders filled and her goods on this side our men are prepared for their duties. That is what we are here for."

"As to the accuracy of our estimates, they have been utterly and fearfully acknowledged. When Astor's dresses were seized we appraised them and made them available to the public. A friend of the family, who came to see us, admitted that our estimate was exactly what they cost, and was curious to know how we figured it."

"And you told him?"

"That the appraisers in the New York Custom-house understood their business; that the materials were measured and the market values put upon them."

When asked if he knew how miserable he made the women of moderate means who tried to do a little shopping abroad, Mr. Cooper replied, with an expression of sadness:

"I know no one who is more miserable than there is no department in the New York Custom-house where the personal rights of the people are not fully recognized. We may seem to be strict, but the government is strict with us."

Mr. Cooper said that the customs collected in his office amounted to \$1,000,000 a day; that smuggling was one of the ruling passions; that men smuggled fewer goods than women, because they did less shopping when they went abroad; that they made better consistent but more convincing, and that when a woman took an oath it outweighed the appraiser's word every time.

Then Mr. Cooper told about a little woman who was in the office during the day and who wept bitterly at the treatment she had received. "The suspicious rating on her gown over the fact that she represented a large retail firm. Her baggage was overhauled, and what she had on board of her trunk was taken to a linen bag underneath. She asked me if I would have examined her linen bag, and I told her certainly not."

When asked if the custom-house authorities employed female detectives to convict professional smugglers, Mr. Cooper said he thought not, but that the United States Treasury had a few women in its service for that purpose.

Speaking about the women who brought home dresses, declaring them to be for their own personal use, the Appraiser said that very little time was needed to show the fair smugglers their own wits.

"What do you do?"

"Simply take a tape measure and measure the waist. It is the work of a minute."

"What does the culprit do?"

"Blush with pain and mortification and get as much consideration as it is in our power to give her."

Free-riding on the good nature of the gentle Appraiser and his great regard for the sex, I tried to get some "points."

His advice was "not to take any chances with Paris dresses that had not been worn."

Love in a Cheap Flat.

There is a very beautiful girl working in the coal mines of France. She is a charitable person, struck by the girl's wonderful beauty, found her a situation in the famous dressmaking establishment in Paris, where her superior intelligence soon made her a favorite with the "madams."

She was at last sent to Constantinople with some dresses which had been ordered by the

Escaped from a Private Asylum.

The police are looking for Henry O. O'Brien, who escaped last Tuesday from Dr. Granger's private asylum, a near Mount Vernon, where Edward M. Field was confined shortly after the failure of his banking firm. O'Brien is fifty-two years old. He is the son of a man who for many years kept a flower store on the Bowery, near East Houston street, and made a fortune.

YOUNG DE LIMA IS FOUND.

His Brother Discovered Him, Mentally Unbalanced, in Paris.

Charles De Lima, the brother of Edward De Lima, the young son of the late Minister to Salvador, who disappeared so mysteriously last January, is now in town again.

Mr. Charles De Lima returned in the steamship La Touraine from Paris, where, after a long search, he succeeded in finding his lost brother. The young man, it was ascertained, had wandered away from this city in a fit of mental aberration and did not remember anything that had happened to him up to the time when his brother discovered his whereabouts.

Mr. De Lima says that his brother has suffered no privations, having been liberally supplied with money, and that he is now on the road to complete mental recovery. He said that Edward would probably return to this country within another month.

At the time of his disappearance Edward De Lima, who is twenty-three years old, was living at the Hotel Langham with his widowed mother, brother and sister. His friends believed that he had sailed for Europe on the steamship Trave, which left New York Jan. 12 last. When the vessel arrived at Liverpool, Mr. De Lima was on board and his friends believed he was really alarmed.

His brother went abroad to look for him, and subsequently, as stated above, found him in Paris. The young man had frequently been abroad, and he was much at home on the other side as in New York.

SCHOONER LIFTED OUT OF WATER.

Mysterious Adventure of the Sealer Dora Steward.

SEATTLE, Sept. 26.—The schooner Dora Steward, which arrived at Victoria from Copper Island yesterday, when in 3048, north of Alaska Island, was suddenly lifted out of the water by a whale. The schooner was struck by the whale and struck her keel. Falling again into the trough of the sea she experienced a succession of shocks which cast everything loose about decks.

The vessel hung along on her course for 300 yards, and after being struck from stem to stern, the captain ceased and the vessel sank.

The mate at the wheel described the shocks as so many electric batteries from which the vessel was struck through the body till it could hardly keep its position.

The vessel was a leaky old schooner, and the sea gave no evidence of the disturbance.

Escaped from a Private Asylum.

The police are looking for Henry O. O'Brien, who escaped last Tuesday from Dr. Granger's private asylum, a near Mount Vernon, where Edward M. Field was confined shortly after the failure of his banking firm. O'Brien is fifty-two years old. He is the son of a man who for many years kept a flower store on the Bowery, near East Houston street, and made a fortune.

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